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Playtime.—(Page 17.)

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THE

HOME STORY BOOK.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1857.

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THE HOME STORY-BOOK.

THE BOY WHO PLAYED TRUANT.

“SCHOOL!” said Richard White, to himself; “School! I don’t want to go to school. Why am I sent to school every day? What good is there in learning grammar, and arithmetic, and geography, and all them things? I don’t like school, and I never did.”

"Dick!" called out a voice; and the lad, who had seated himself on a cellar-door, and placed his satchel beside him, looked up, and met the cheerful face of one of his school-fellows.

"What are you sitting there for, Dick? Don't you hear the school-bell?"

"Yes; I hear it, Bill."

"Then get up and come along, or you will be late."

"I don't care if I am. I don't like to go to school."

"You don't?"

"No, indeed. I'd never go to school if I could help it. What's the use of so much learning? I'm going to a trade as soon as I get old enough; and Pete Elder says that a boy who don't know A B C, can learn a trade just as well as one who does."

"I don't know anything about that," re-

plied William Brown; "but father says, the more learning I get when a boy, the more successful in life will I be when a man; that is, if I make a good use of my learning."

"What good is grammar going to do a mechanic, I wonder?" said Richard, contemptuously. "What use will the double rule of three, or fractions, be to him?"

"They may be of a great deal of use. Father says we cannot learn too much while we are boys. He says he never learned anything in his life that did not come of use to him at some time or other."

"Grammar, and geography, and double rule of three, will never be of any use to me."

"Oh, yes, they will, Dick! So come along. The bell is nearly done ringing. Come, won't you?"

"No; I'm going out to the woods."

"Come, Richard, come! That will be playing truant."

"No; I've made my mind up not to go to school to-day."

"You'll be sorry for it, Dick, if you do stay away from school."

"Why will I?" said the boy, quickly.
"Are you going to tell?"

"If I should be asked about you, I will not tell a lie; but I don't suppose any one will inquire of me."

"Then why will I be sorry?"

"You'll be sorry when you're a man."

Richard White laughed aloud at the idea of his being sorry when he became a man, for having neglected his school when a boy.

"If you are not going, I am," said William Brown, starting off and running as fast as he could. He arrived at the door of the school-house just as the bell stopped ringing.

In stopping to persuade Richard not to play truant, he had come near being too late.

As soon as William left him, Richard White got up from the cellar-door where he had been reclining lazily, and throwing his satchel over his shoulder, started for the woods. His books and satchel were in his way, and rather heavy to carry about with him for six or seven hours. But he did not think it prudent to leave them anywhere, for the person with whom they were left would suspect him of playing truant, and through that means his fault might come to the knowledge of his parents.

After thinking over this, as he went on his way, it occurred to Richard that the satchel was as likely to betray him if carried along as if left at some store to be called for on his return. Finally, he concluded to ask for a newspaper at a shop. With this he

wrapped up his satchel, and taking it under his arm, went on without any more fears of betrayal from this source.

As soon as the foolish boy reached the woods, he hid his satchel, so as to get clear of the trouble it was to him, beside a large stone, and covered it with leaves and long grass. Then he felt free, and, as he thought, happy.

But it was not long before he got tired of rambling about alone. He listened, sometimes, to the birds, and sometimes tried, with stones, to kill the beautiful and innocent creatures. Then he thought how pleasant it would be to find a nest, and carry off the young ones; and he searched with great diligence for a long time, but could find no nest.

Once a little striped squirrel glided past him, and mounted a high tree. As it ran

around and around the great trunk, appearing and disappearing at intervals, Richard tried to knock it off with stones. But his aim was not very true. Instead of hitting the squirrel, he managed to get a severe blow himself; for a stone which he threw very high, struck a large limb, and, bouncing back, fell upon his upturned face, and cut him badly.

From that moment, all the pleasure he had felt since entering the woods was gone. The blood stained his shirt-bosom, and covered his hand when he put it up to his face. Of course, the wound, and the blood upon his shirt, would betray him. This was his first thought, as he washed himself at a small stream. But, then, all at once it occurred to him—for evil suggestions are sure to be made to us when we are in the way to receive them—that it would be just

as easy to say that a boy threw a stone, which struck him as he was walking along the street, as to say that he got hurt while in the woods. And, without stopping to think how wicked it would be to tell a lie, Richard determined to make this statement when he got home.

The smarting of the wound, and the uneasiness occasioned by a sight of the blood, so disturbed Richard's feelings, that he was unable to regain enough composure of mind to enjoy his day of freedom in the woods. By twelve o'clock, he was tired and hungry, and heartily wished himself at home. But it would not do to go now; for if he were to do so, his father would understand that he had not been to school. There was no alternative for him but to remain out in the lonely woods, without anything to eat, for

five hours longer. And a weary time it was for him.

How plainly, in thought, could he see the grassy play-ground, where his schoolmates were enjoying themselves. He could almost hear, in imagination, their happy shouts and merry laughter. William Brown, whom he could not entice away, was with these light-hearted companions. How he envied their happiness; and how much sadder he felt as he contrasted his depressing sense of guilt, with their freedom from self-upbraidings.

At last the sun, which had been for a very long time, it seemed to him, descending toward the western horizon, sunk so low that he was sure it must be after five o'clock, and then, with sober feelings, he started for home. The day had disappointed him. He was far from feeling happy. When he thought of the wound on his face and the

blood upon his bosom, he felt troubled. If he told the truth he knew he would be punished, and if he told a lie, and was found out, punishment would as certainly follow.

These were his thoughts and feelings when he came to the place where he had concealed his satchel. But, lo! his books were gone. Some one had discovered and carried them off.

Sadly enough, now, did Richard White return home. We will not pain our young readers with an account of his reception. The father already knew that his son had not been to school, for a man had found the satchel in the woods. Richard's name was on it, and this led the man to bring it to his father, with whom he was acquainted.

Richard never went to school again. On the very next week he was sent to learn a trade, and he soon found that there was a

great difference between a school-boy and an apprentice.

William Brown continued to go to school two years longer, when he also went from home to learn a trade. He was then a good scholar, and had a fondness for books. Because he was learning a trade, he did not give up all other kinds of learning, but, whenever he had leisure, he applied himself to his books. Both he and Richard were free about the same time. Richard had learned his trade well, and was as good a workman as William; but he had not improved his mind. He had not been able to see the use that learning was going to be to a mechanic.

Fifteen years have passed since these two lads completed their terms of apprenticeship, and entered the world as men; and how do they now stand? Why, William Brown has

a large manufactory of his own, and Richard White is one of his workmen. By his superior intelligence and enterprise, the former is able to serve the public interests by giving direction to the labors of a hundred men, and his reward is in proportion to the service he thus renders; while the latter serves the public interest to the extent of only one man's labor, and his reward is in exact ratio thereto.

Did Richard White gain anything by his day in the woods? We think not. Is there any use in education to a mechanic? Let each of our young readers answer the question himself.

THE TURNPIKE ROAD TO DUTY.

A FATHER once set out with his son on a visit to a neighboring village, that lay at a little distance from the place where they were; but instead of keeping the turnpike road, the father purposely entered on a common, here and there spread over with brambles and thorn bushes, where he wandered backwards and forwards for some time. The son was very patient, but at last cried out, "Father, it is not at all likely that we shall get to the village so long as we wander among the thorn and bramble-bushes."

"If you think so," said the father, "we will leave the common directly;" so once more he got into the turnpike road.

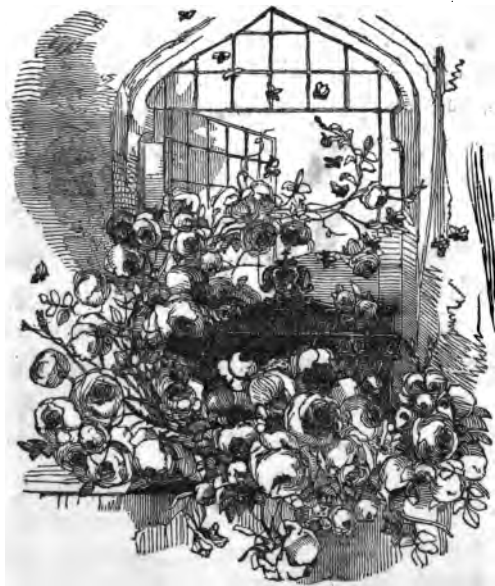
Not long after, he took his son into a large garden, where abundance of fruit and flowers

grew. This pleased the boy very much ; but, after a time, he once more cried out to his father, "I do not see that we are much nearer the village than we were before, and we shall never get there while we stop in this garden, that is certain."

"That being the case," said the father, "it will be very foolish for us to idle away our time here any longer ; so, getting into the turnpike road, he went straight forward to the village. On returning home again the son began to question his father. "Father, what made you go into the garden, and among the brambles and thorn-bushes, when the only way to get to the village was to keep straight along the turnpike road?"

"To tell you the truth, my boy," said the father, "I did it to teach you a lesson, and to point out the folly of seeking for a thing in a place where it is not likely to be found.

You have been quick enough to perceive this folly in my conduct; take care that you never let me see it in your conduct. As you proceed on your earthly pilgrimage, the roses of pleasure will bloom on the right hand, and on the left will grow the thorns and the briers of discontent; linger not among either of them, but travel, straight forward, along the turnpike road of duty, and you will find that happiness which otherwise you would look for in vain."



“Will there be Flowers in Heaven?”

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WILL THERE BE FLOWERS IN HEAVEN?

I WAS alone in my school-room. The little busy beings who had sat about me all day, had taken their dinner-baskets upon their arms, and trudged off over the hill, in the paths which led to their several homes.

My desk was strewed over with withered wild flowers. Some were the offerings of infantile hands, while others had been brought in by the botanical class for analysis. In the recitation of that class, I had dwelt for a longer time that night than I was wont, upon the beauty of the vegetable world, and the goodness and wisdom of its Creator. I spread before them the beautifully tinted corolla of the field-lily, and showed them its thread-like stamens crowned with golden anthers, and its curious pistils.

From another wild flower, I drew the delicate and nicely-notched calyx, and explained to them its various uses, and asked if *man*, with all his boasted powers, had ever planted or executed anything one half as lovely.

I turned over the pages of God's Holy Word, and read a description of the riches of Solomon, "who yet," I continued, "in all his glory, was not arrayed like *one of these*." "If it is out of our power to make anything as beautiful as the little flower we crush under our feet at every step, should we not be humble?"

A breathless interest prevailed in the little group, and their voices were more subdued than usual, when they came to wish me "good-night."

After the echo of their footsteps had died away, and the room had become silent, I opened a book, and began to read. Soon my

attention was arrested by a quick, light step, and a little girl of five summers slid in beside me. Her little, pale, sweet face was turned towards me, while her sun-bonnet had fallen back, loosing the dark brown curls which strayed in rich profusion around her face and neck.

"I thought Frances had gone home," said I, as I lifted her to a seat beside me. "Is she not afraid her mother will be anxious about her?"

"I thought Miss Barber would tell me about God, and the beautiful flowers," she replied, "and I have come back to hear."

She had gathered a bunch of buttercups, and I took them from her little hand, and told her again of their curious structure. I spoke to her of that most beautiful of God's creation, the Moss Rose, and said that He had placed the *Magnolia Grandiflora* upon

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our earth to render it more lovely—*more like heaven.*

She caught the idea with enthusiasm—“Will there be flowers in heaven?” she asked.

“There will be everything which is bright and beautiful there,” I replied, “and if *flowers* can add anything to the beauty of the golden courts, we shall surely find them there.”

“Oh!” said she, “I hope the angels will wear *wreaths* of them; I am sure I shall love better to look upon them, and to hear them sing!”

These were among her last words, as I parted from her that evening. The next day Frances was not in her accustomed seat. I inquired for her, and they told me she was not well. I *never* saw her again. A few days after, her coffin passed my window, covered with a black pall, and fol-

lowed by a train of mourners. I watched them until they disappeared in the circuitous road which led to the village graveyard, and then I turned away with a sigh, and said—
Yes, there will be flowers in Heaven.



THE MYSTERIOUS CUP.

“TELL us, mother, about the mysterious cup?” said Henry.

“O, yes, do, mother!” and all the little folks gathered about mamma.

“I saw a curious picture of a cup. An old man and a young man were at a table, with a book and a cup on it, and a beautiful young woman bent over, like as if she were in the clouds. What did it all mean, mother?”

“There was once a boy,” began the mo-

ther, "and he had an only sister. She was very good and very beautiful. But the boy did not love her as he ought to have done. He very often spoke unkindly to her, and never tried to make her happy. One day his father gave him some money, and with this money he bought himself a pretty cup. When he brought it home, his sister Anna said—

"O, brother, what a dear little cup you have got. Do let me see it."

"No, I will not!" replied the ill-natured boy. "It's my cup, and you shall not have it."

"O, yes, do, William," said Anna. "It is so pretty! I wish you would." And, as Anna said this, she reached out her hand, and took hold of the cup. But, as she did so, William pushed her off so hard, that she fell over upon the floor, and hurt herself

very badly. She did not cry much, and because she did not cry as loud as he would have done, William did not think the fall of any consequence.

“Anna got up, and went off to her mother’s chamber, but not until she had dried her tears. After she had got there, she felt sick, and lay down upon the bed. That night she was taken with a violent fever, from which she never got well.

“In the morning, William, who had felt very sorry for what he had done, went into his mother’s chamber to see Anna; but she was out of her head, and did not know him. He wanted to tell her that he was very sorry, and ask her to forgive him; but he could not, for she was too sick.

“In six days she died, and William saw her shut up in a coffin, and buried in the damp, cold ground; and she had never spoken

to him since he had treated her so unkindly, to say that she forgave him.

“Oh, how unhappy he was! He thought of his unkindness about the cup, and wished a hundred and a hundred times that he had given it to Anna. But it was now too late. She had gone to be with the good angels, who would love her, and always be kind to her.

“William grew up to be a young man, but he often thought of his dear sister Anna, and the thought made him feel sad. One day he was sitting alone, and thinking about past times. The sweet face of his sister Anna came up before him, and then he thought about the cup, and felt sad again. He had been sitting for what seemed to him about an hour, when the door opened, and an old man of a strange appearance came in. He had in his hand a goblet of costly and beau-

tiful workmanship. Around its broad foot ran a wreath of flowers, twined with myrtles, and various other leaves and fruits. Another ring, only richer, and adorned with figures of children, and animals playing with them, wound itself round the centre of the cup. All within and without it sparkled with gold.

“The old man looked benignly at William for a little while, and then beckoned to him. William rose and followed. He led him through a garden, in which were flowers, and singing birds, into a beautiful summer-house, in the centre of which stood a table. Upon this table he placed the cup he held in his hand, and also a large book, clasped with golden clasps, and then again looked the young man in the face.

“After this he poured something into the cup, and instantly there arose a reddish

cloud, which floated in circles over the mouth of the cup. A bright point darted up through the cloudy circles, and suddenly, as it were, an eye looked out from the midst; above, golden locks flowed in ringlets; then a smiling face appeared, with its soft blue eyes, delicate cheeks, and lovely mouth; and William looked upon his long-mourned sister.

“‘Anna! dear Anna!’ he cried, springing forward.

“The beautiful vision smiled lovingly upon him, and then vanished from his sight. All became suddenly dark around him. When he again looked up, he was sitting in his own room.”

“O, mother! was all that true? Did he see his sister?”

“In a dream he did, Henry.”

“Was it all a dream then, dear mother?”

"Yes, my love; but it was a good dream to him; for when he thought of his sister again, he did not feel sad; he knew that she had forgiven him, and that she loved him more than ever she did."

"She was an angel, was she not, mother?"

"Yes, dear; an angel in heaven. And she loved her brother very much."

"And we shall all be angels, if we are good," said Susy.

"O, yes; all of us," replied the mother, wiping the moisture from her eyes, that her dear children's questions had caused to rise there. Mothers always love to have their children think and talk about heaven and the angels.

WHO IS THIS?



“WHAT a singular looking man!” exclaims the young reader. “To what country does he belong?”

He is a German peasant, we believe, or some knight's retainer, who lived many hundred years ago, when people dressed very differently from what they do now. The picture is taken from a book of ancient ballads, and is curious as showing a character such as can hardly be

met with in these days in any part of the world. He appears to be carrying something on his back—food for his wife and children, no doubt. The large knife, in the sheath by his side, shows that he has dangers to encounter sometimes, and must be prepared to meet them. Dangers from wild beasts in the forests, it may be. He does not look as if he would do any one harm, except in self-protection; for his countenance is not marked by evil passions. How thankful should we be, that, in our happy land, in this better age of the world, we can go in and out in safety; that there is no need of having a sharp knife ever ready at our side, in order to protect our lives from evil beasts or savage men.

THE OLD SLATE.

"I HAVE a great mind to break this stupid old slate," said little Charles Fidget, one morning, as he sat over his first sum in subtraction.

"Why, what has the poor slate done?" asked the pleasant voice of his sister Helen, behind him.

"Nothing; just what I complain of. It won't do this plaguey sum for me; and here it is almost school-time!"

"What a wicked slate, Charles!"

"So it is. I mean to fling it out of the window, and break it to pieces on the stones."

"Will that do your sum, Charlie?"

"No; but if there were no slates in the world, I should have no good-for-nothing ums to do."

"Oh, ho! that does not follow, by any means. Did slates make the science of Arithmetic? Would people never have to count and calculate, if there were no slates? You forget pens, lead-pencils, and paper; you forget all about oral arithmetic, Charlie!"

"Well, I don't love to cipher; that's all I know."

"And so, you hasty boy, you get angry with the poor harmless slate, that is so convenient when you make mistakes, and want to rub them out again. Now, this is the way with a great many thoughtless, and quick-tempered people. They try to find fault with somebody or something else, and get into a passion, and perhaps do mischief; when, if they would but reflect, it is their ownselves who ought to bear the blame. Now, Charlie, let me see what I can do for you."

So Helen sat down in her mother's great easy chair; she tried to look grave and dignified, like an old lady, though she was now but eighteen. Charlie came rather unwillingly, laid the slate on her lap, and began to play with the trimmings on her apron. "Why, what is this?" said she—"Soldiers, and cats, and dogs, and houses with windows of all shapes and sizes!"

Charlie looked foolish. "Oh, the sum is on the other side," said he, turning it over.

"Ah, silly boy!" said Helen; "here you have been sitting half an hour drawing pictures, instead of trying to do your sum. And now, which do you think ought to be broken, you or your slate?" and she held it up high, as if she meant to knock his head with it.

Charlie looked up, with his hands at his ears, making believe he was frightened, but

laughing all the while ; for he knew she was only playing with him. Presently, however, she put on a serious face, and said, " Now, my little man, you must go to work in good earnest, to make up for lost time."

" Oh, Helen, it wants only twenty minutes of nine ; I can't possibly do this sum, and get to school by nine. I shall be late. What shall I do ? Miss Fletcher will certainly punish me, if it is not done. Can't you, just this once, Helen ?"

" No," said Helen.

" Oh, do ! there's a dear, good sister ; just this once."

" No, Charlie ; there would be no kindness in that. You would never learn arithmetic in that way."

" Just once," still pleaded Charlie.

" No," answered Helen, in a kind but resolute tone ; " if I do it once, you will find

it harder to be refused to-morrow. You will depend upon me, and sit playing and drawing pictures, instead of ciphering. I will do a much kinder thing; I will keep you close at it till the job is over."

So she passed her hand gently round him; and though Charlie pouted at first, and could hardly see through his tears, she questioned him about his rule, and then began to show him the proper way to do his sum, yet letting him work it out himself, in such a pleasant manner, that he was soon ashamed of being sullen. First she held the pencil herself, and put down the figures as he told her to do; and then she made him copy the whole, nicely, on another part of the slate, and rub out her figures.

After all this was finished, patiently and diligently, Charlie was surprised to find he should still be in good season for school.

"Now, to-morrow, Charlie," said Helen, "don't waste a moment, but go to your lesson at once, wherever it is, and you will find it a great saving, not only of time, but of temper. You won't get into a passion with this clever old slate of mine then. It went to school with me when I was a little girl, and I should have been sorry if you had broken it for not doing your work. Half the time, Charlie, when you see a person fidgety and angry, and complaining of things and people, you may be sure he has done something he ought not to do, or left undone something he ought to do."

Away ran Charles to school, thinking to himself, "Well, I suppose I was wrong both ways. I ought not to have been drawing soldiers, and I ought to have been ciphering."



THE MOUSE IN LIQUOR.

A FABLE.

A MOUSE ranging about a brewery, happened to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of being drowned, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The Cat replied :

“It is a foolish request; for as soon as I get you out, I shall eat you.”

The Mouse replied, that that fate would be better than being drowned in beer. The

Cat therefore lifted him out; but the fume of the beer caused Puss to sneeze — she dropped the Mouse, and he took refuge in his hole.

The Cat called on the Mouse to come out:—“You, sir, did you not promise me that I should eat you?”

“Ah!” replied the Mouse, “but you know I was in liquor at the time.”

LUCY AND HER BROTHER

“OH! come to the window, Lucy, dear,
I want you to see what is passing here;
A hundred horses, I know there must be,
For they reach as far as I can see;
And I do believe there’s an elephant too,
Oh! Lucy! come see if it is n’t true.”

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Lucy walked to the window, she did n't run,
For she thought her brother was only in fun ;
But George was earnest in what he said :
The street was filled with a cavalcade,
A long procession, gay and bright,
They might well be pleased at such a sight.

At first came a camel, with just such a look
As Lucy had seen in the spelling-book ;
But so tall, so very tall, Lucy said
She could hardly look up to his lofty head ;
“ But then his hunches,” said Lucy with
glee,
They're exactly like what I thought hunches
would be.”

And after the camel came a crowd
Of beautiful horses, strong and proud ;
And great high boxes, twenty or more,
Even George never saw the like before.

“Why, brother,” said Lucy, “what can they be?

Don’t you think you could tell by the rule of three?”

And then two noble elephants passed—
The last of all, if they were the last,
They walked along with a stately tread,
“As sober as judges,” Lucy said.
But as Lucy said it, the show passed—
Elephants, horses, all were gone.

Then away to their mother the children
went,

To know what this wonderful hubbub meant;
Mamma was reading quietly,
With baby Willie asleep on her knee;
So George and Lucy walked quite slow,
And whispered all they wished to know.

Mamma was pleased at their gentle care,
And she smiled, and parted Lucy’s hair,

And said, "You may go to the rocking-chair
And get the paper that's lying there;
That tells all about the Menagerie, dear,
George may read it aloud, but must not read
here."

Lucy took it up, and went away
To the little room where they used to play:
And George came after, and found her still
Looking over the pictures on the bill,
And she laughed aloud in her happy glee,
Forgetting that George could not see.

Now, Lucy could not read the printed words,
But she liked to look at the beasts and
birds;

But George, who wanted to read about it,
Wasn't very willing to do without it.
So he grew impatient, and said at last
That Lucy was selfish for holding it fast.

“No! brother,” said Lucy, “don’t think so, I forgot you were waiting. I’m thoughtless you know;”

So she gave up at once as good girls ought,
She was n’t as selfish as George had thought;
And then he was sorry for having said it,
And Lucy looked over while George read it.

He began to read at the very first line,
“A show of wild beasts for a limited time.”
“Oh! I know what mamma meant now,”
said he,

“When she said that long word, *Menagerie*.
A menagerie, Lucy, is a wild beast show,
I mean to ask if we may not go.”

“See, brother,” said Lucy, “here’s monkeys
too,

And a lion, and tiger, and kangaroo:
And leopards and jackalls and many more.
And now, I can guess what the boxes were for,

I guess all the animals must have been in
them,
I wish they had walked, then we could have
seen them."

"Why! Lucy!" said George, "you little
goose,
What! let all those terrible animals loose!
And let them go out in the open street!
I'm sure I'd not relish such a treat,
And I guess, Miss Goosey, you too would
fear,
When you saw the lion pretty near."

"Well!" Lucy said, "she supposed it right
To keep all the wild ones shut up tight;
To be sure she had said what was not of use,
But she did n't think she was a *goose*."
And Lucy finished with two deep sighs,
And George saw tears in her soft blue eyes.

Then George was sorry, sorry again,
For he saw he had given his sister pain;
So he tried to wipe her tears away,
And said he called her a goose in play;
“I am sorry I vexed you, but never mind,
It was *I* that was foolish and unkind.

“Twice already to-day, I’ve vexed you,
Lucy,
I said you were selfish, and called you
‘Goosey;’

And if you were a little foolish, dear,
I was cross, ill-natured, that’s very clear;
And we’ll both begin this very day
To take more care of what we say.

“When I feel cross and harsh and rude,
I’ll be silent, till I can say something good,
And you, dear Lucy, even in play,
Must be sure that you *mean* just what you
say,

And we'll both be so kind to each other,
Like a very affectionate sister and brother;
And then, sister Lucy, we'll soon find out
'The tongue bridle' mother read about."

I feel quite glad to be able to tell
That this good plan worked very well;
For George learned to conquer his wayward
will,
And Lucy grew daily wiser still.
And I only hope, dear children, that you
Will try this plan and grow better too.

THE FLOWER BEDS.

HENRY and Maria, two good children, took great pleasure in flowers. Therefore they begged their father to give them a flower-bed. And their father gave them each a bed in the garden, and the children strewed

various flower seeds in the ground, and carefully watered the dear treasures. They often remained standing for hours near them, and waited, with impatient longing, to see how the seeds would sprout forth from the dark lap of the earth. But they waited many days, and not a shoot had yet appeared.

Then the children began to mourn, and said—"Alas! we have sowed and watered the beds in vain, for we shall have no flowers."

But when, after a few rainy days, they went out with their father, in order to look after their beds, lo! the earth had, at last, heaved itself up, and the tender plants had shot forth, and each was adorned with a dew-drop, like a crown. Then the children were greatly rejoiced, leaped gaily around, clapped their hands, and cried—"Oh, see, dearest father! see how beautiful they are all at once! Oh, we have waited long, and would

have been delighted to see how it is that the sprouts shoot out from the earth, and now there they stand, and we have missed the sight."

The father then answered—"The hand of God, my children, works always in this wise. He brings forth the tender plants and blossoms, and each pleasant gift, unseen, and carefully conceals the hands wherewith he creates and reaches them to man.

"God's goodness in his works is like that of a tender mother. When all in the house sleep, she alone wakes, and prepares for her children many a fair and good thing. The children awake then in the morning, and the gifts stand before them, and they are delighted, and they leap around, and enjoy them, and the loving mother rejoices in the joy of her children.

"Like this, my children, let your love be
wards your fellow men."

CHILDHOOD'S ANGELS.

66



WHAT are you thinking of Willie?" asked his Aunt Helen, looking up from her work upon the beautiful child whose sunny

face was sweet and thoughtful. He was only six years old, but he had forgotten his play, and sat upon a low ottoman, leaning his soft cheek against the sofa; his little hands were folded in his lap; he looked like his mother, who had died and gone to a better world a year before. So his aunt thought, and a bright tear came in her eye, as she said again more softly,

"Say, Willie dear, what are you thinking about? Come here and tell me!"

He rose and seated himself upon the little bench at her feet. "I was thinking," he said, "if the happy angels stayed with me, if they loved me, and took good care of me."

"And what made you think of that, Willie?" asked Aunt Helen.

"Because my teacher said if the children loved one another, the angels would never leave them, and would not let evil spirits harm them; and he said remains of good and truth were stored up in infancy; but I don't know what that means—the large boys know. Can't you tell me, Aunt?"

"Yes, dear; infants have sweet, happy thoughts and loving hearts; for the angels are always with them, and protect them from evil; but when they grow older the evil spirits come too, and they tempt them to be unkind and selfish, and so they are tempted all their lives; but the angels

still stay with them, and call to mind innocent childhood, and make their hearts tender and ready to weep because they sin ;—little children are taught by their parents and teachers to be good, and to learn God's will from the Holy Bible ; then as the grow up, the angels keep sweet things fresh in their memories, and it makes it more easy to be gentle and true—and when you are full of pity for some poor unhappy creature, and give away your bread to stop the pain of hunger, the Lord remembers it, and He sends heavenly spirits to bless you, and the next time you will be still more ready to help the distressed. Good thoughts will come back again, when you get to be a man."

"How can I remember them so long, Aunt Helen?"

"I will tell you how such thoughts came

back to me, and made me try to do good, as I grew older and wiser. When I was a very little girl, I went with a young lady to visit at her grandfather's; there was a great deal of company there, and everybody seemed happy and gay, except the poor old grandfather. When we first went in, the young lady, her name was Miss Wilmot, spoke to all before she did to the old gentleman. I ran in the house first, he was sitting by the fire, and he raised his feeble form to see Miss Wilmot from the window—he walked half way across the room to meet her, but when he saw she turned to all the others first, he drew back, and I saw a great tear come in his eye—he brushed it away with the back of his hand. She shook hands with him, he bent over and kissed her forehead; in a few moments all had left the room. Miss Wilmot had gone to change

her travelling dress. I sat still in one corner, and looked at grandfather Wilmot; his head was bent, and again I saw large tears roll down. 'I am too old to have any one care for me,' he said to himself, and yet I heard him. I did not dare go to him, but my throat was choked, and my heart was ready to break with pity; the tears started, but I wiped them softly away with my handkerchief. I thought as I sat there, that I never, never would forget to be kind to the aged, for they cannot be active and healthy as they were in youth. After awhile I stole from the room, and gathered a small nosegay for him—I held it out to him, for I felt too timid to speak; I had never seen him before that day.

“‘Come here, my little girl,’ he said, as I turned to go away, my heart beating with delight that he had noticed my gift enough

to take it from me. He took me upon his knee, and talked with me for hours; I did not get weary, for I was too proud and happy to think I could make him forget his loneliness—I learned to love him dearly, and I could not help crying when we parted—he laid a bright silver dollar in my hand; I have it yet, I never spent it; and since I have been a woman I have dropped many a tear upon it, for it recalls that scene of my childhood; and in looking at it I have resolved a thousand times to labor more lovingly for those who are old and infirm: it has often done me good. And now can you understand Willie, how the good angels kept that remembrance for me, to make me thoughtful and kind, when I should often have been careless, if those thoughts of childhood had not come back again?"

"Oh, yes! Aunt, I see it all," answered

Willie, his eyes bright with new thoughts. "I understand it all; how beautiful and good the angels must be, always to watch over us, and bring us kind thoughts. Don't the Lord love us just as well?"

"O, yes, Willie; it is the Lord who gives the angels the disposition to care for us. He is always with us, and we must not grieve the Lord and His heavenly ministers by doing as wicked spirits would have us do. We must pray every day, every time we are tempted to do wrong, not to yield, but to follow the angels' leading, for they will take us to heaven, their own happy home.

FAITHFUL LOVE; A FAMILY
PICTURE.

THE scene is a domestic one; the season, winter; the time, night. Supper is cleared away, and the infant, held in Pa's arm during the performance of that necessary duty, has been restored to her mother, to nestle, and smile, and sleep.

John and Charlotte; the elder two, have drawn pictures on their slates; Alfred and Robert have romped and tussled upon the floor, by turns, shouting with laughter, or crying over short-lived hurts; Pa himself has settled with his green glasses to read a late number of Brother Bird's Medium; while Uncle Frank, weary with the bodily labors of the day, is half asleep in the corner, though with his eyes fixed upon Burns'

Poems, and making a half pretence of reading it.

All at once a simultaneous shout arises from the juvenile group; there is a throwing down of slates, with a bang, upon the table, and a rush for the possession of Pa's knee. The shout is, "Pa, tell us some stories!" And it is clear from the general look of assurance and the happy little faces that this is a very common practice at this time of night, and that the practice is a highly pleasing one, if not to Pa himself, at least to his little pets.

A squabble for the knee results, as usual, in favor of the youngest, by name Robert, by nature coarse and piratical; and the other three content themselves with leaning full weight upon the shoulders and limbs of the beleaguered parent; weights that would crush an ox, but do not discompose a father,

who rather looks as though he could hold four or five more.

"And now, who shall hear the first story?"

"Sister—begin with her!"

"Well, what shall it be about?"

"A sailor," says John.

"A little girl," says Sis.

"A *panther*," says Alf.

"A monkey," says Robert.

"A little girl it shall be, and so all of you listen with all your might.

"Once there was a little girl, about eight years old, named Mary. And there was a lady who was very kind to Mary, and made clothes for her, and mended them when torn, and washed them when they needed it. And this lady never seemed tired of taking care of Mary. For when she was only a little baby, the lady nursed her.

When she was old enough to walk, the lady taught her to walk. She taught her to say her letters, and to read, and afterwards to write—to sew and to knit.

“She gave her a little garden, and rose-bushes and flower-seeds to plant in it, and a little hoe to kill the weeds. She taught her how to sing hymns, and night and morning to kneel down at her side to pray God for His blessings. As soon as she got big enough she sent her to school. She paid a great deal of money to the schoolmaster every session, and bought her a great many books.

“Now, how do you think this little girl should have treated that kind, good lady?”

“She ought to do what she told her,” says John.

“She ought to love her mighty good,” says Sis.

“I’d whip her if she wasn’t,” says Alf.

"Never cry a bit," says Rob.

"Well, now, strange as it may sound to you, that little girl didn't always do what the kind lady told her, and she wasn't always good. Sometimes she was very naughty, sometimes she would tell stories, sometimes quarrel with others.

"Then this good, kind lady, instead of sending the bad girl off, would correct her for being naughty, and pray God to make her better: and then so soon as the little girl was sorry and would try to be good, the lady would kiss her and love her as well as ever. Now, wasn't that lady a most charming good lady?"

"Just as good as could be," says John.

"The goodest ever I heard of," says Sis.

"I'd have whipped her harder," muttered Alf.

By this time Rob had gone to sleep, and, of course, said nothing.

“At last this little girl was taken sick, oh, very sick, indeed. She had the fever, and was as sick as she could be. Being sick made her very cross and bad. She would scream aloud at the least noise. She would refuse to take medicine, until they had to pour it down her throat. She lost her senses, and did not know anybody.

“But the good, kind lady, never got tired of watching over her, and taking care of her. For more than seven nights she never went to bed, but sat by the side of the sick little girl, from sunset to sunrise. She never got mad with her once. She would take her out of bed, and hold her in her arms. She mixed her medicines. She prayed to God a thousand times that the dear little girl might get well. Oh, she was a dear, good lady; don't you think so?”

“But did she get well?” asked the three.

“No; poor little Mary died. After all the kind lady’s care, after all her trouble, and watching, and everything, she died. They put her into a coffin, and buried her. All the other folks soon forgot that there ever had been such a little girl as Mary. But the dear, good lady, never forgot it. No, she never forgot little Mary. She kept all her clothes, and her little doll. And she cried and mourned whenever she remembered little Mary. She was never happy again after Mary died. And when she died, which was about five years afterwards, she said she hoped she should find little Mary in Heaven. They buried that kind, good lady by little Mary’s side. Now, John, what do you think made that lady love Mary so well, and take so much care of her, and be sorry for her death?”

John does not know. He thinks she was most excellent good woman, but ’t is very

strange she should think so long about Mary after she was dead.

“And what say you, Alf?”

Alf thinks Mary must have had a heap of money or something! Or else he don't know why the lady should care so much for her.

“And what says little Sis to it?”

The little girl has a big tear in each eye; and there is a track down each cheek, where a number of them have chased each other. She glances towards her mother, whose eye meets hers, as if there was a mutual intelligence between them, only understood by the female sex. Then looking boldly up in the father's face, with the air of one who could solve the difficulty with ease, she answered:

“'T was her ma! the dear, good lady, was her ma!”

And, sure enough, little pussy guessed it.



JONAH'S GOURD.

A GREAT number of people—and I should not be surprised if some of my readers were among the number—suppose that the gourd which sheltered Jonah from the heat of the sun, was the same plant which now goes by the name of the gourd. That is a mistake, however. The plant which is so called in Scripture, is different from our gourd.

Do you remember the story of the gourd, that afforded so comfortable a shade for the prophet? Jonah had been sent by the Lord to preach to the people of Nineveh, and to tell them, that unless they repented, the city would be destroyed in forty days. His preaching, it would seem, had more effect than that of many preachers of the present day. At all events, the Ninevites believed what the prophet said, and set themselves in earnest about the business of reformation. They proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth, from the king down to the meanest of the inhabitants.

God is always merciful, and disposed to forgive, when he sees any signs of repentance. He forgave the people of Nineveh. He did not destroy them, as he had threatened to do, if they failed to heed the preaching of his prophet. Jonah did not like this.

He had taken a good deal of pains to publish the decision of God, in relation to the city; and now, it would appear, he wanted to see the city destroyed. He was angry, and told God that he thought it was better for him to die than to live.

However, he did not quite despair of seeing the divine sentence executed upon Nineveh. So he went out a little distance from the city, where he could have a good view of it, and made him a tent, determining to remain there until the matter which lay so near his heart was decided. The sun was very hot there; and God "prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head." Jonah was delighted with this gourd. But the very next day, God sent an east wind, and destroyed the gourd. Poor Jonah! when the sun rose, the heat was very severe; and

he fainted, and said again, that it was better for him to die than to live. Now comes the lesson which the Lord meant to teach the prophet. "Doest thou well to grieve for the gourd?" "I do well to grieve," he replied, "even unto death." Then said the Lord, "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for which thou hast not labored, neither madest it to grow, which came up in a night, and perished in a night; and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons, that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and much cattle?"

This gourd, that Jonah mourned over so much, is described by Jerome, a celebrated father in the Christian church, who flourished in the fourth century, as a kind of shrub, having broad leaves like the vine, affording a very thick shade, and supported by its

own stem. It grows very abundantly in Palestine, and chiefly in sandy places. If one throws the seed upon the ground, it springs up immediately, and grows wonderfully fast. Within a few days after the plant is out of the ground, it becomes quite a little tree. The fruit of this shrub is of a triangular form, with three sharp-pointed edges.

LITTLE MARY'S TEMPTATION.

"SHALL I? shall I?" whispered little Mary to herself, standing on tiptoe with her chubby hands folded behind her.

On the polished table that her blue eyes just peeped over, laid a bright round sixpence, a new sixpence that Mary longed to see transferred to her little, red silk bag. Her mother had left the coin there, and for-

gotten it; forgotten it, Mary knew, because she heard her say that there was not a bit of small change in the house.

Long and eagerly Mary contemplated the treasure. What a variety of nice things took shape and floated over that table, crowding round the new sixpence, and giving it a sort of fairy value; surely, it would buy such an endless variety of pretty toys; and if she could get two sugar-birds for one penny, what a countless lot could she buy with six whole pence.

She would have sugar-plums, and sticks of twisted candy; she would have peppermint hearts, and a little new doll — no, she wouldn't buy a doll on second thought, for she had two already. She would keep some of her money to carry to school, or, perhaps, all of it, and show it to her playmates, who seldom had so much.

“Shall I? shall I?” Oh! how that wicked tempter urged the fair-haired little girl! What golden visions he placed in array before her! How he kept whispering, “Mamma will never know it, never, never, never; for she had forgotten all about it;” and how stealthily, at last, that wicked tempter, that dwelt in Mary’s dear little heart, caught her white hand, and slowly carried it till the tips of her fingers touched the very rim of the shining sixpence.

But, thank God, there is also an angel in every human being, as long as he strives to keep pure and good, whose delight it is to overthrow this wicked tempter, that assails not only little Mary, but men and women.

She came slowly up, and murmured, in a quite still voice, that would not have frightened a mouse, “Oh! little Mary, little Mary, don’t you know that is stealing? don’t you

know it's as wicked to take that bit of money, as for the great thief to rob your father's money-drawer, or steal your mother's gold ring?"

"But father and mother would find it out then; they would know that somebody had taken their treasures — this little sixpence I'm *sure* nobody remembers, and I want it badly;" almost insensibly the fingers had closed over the money.

"But little Mary," said the good angel in a solemn voice that quite awed the child, "there's a great God, whose eye can see away into your heart; and he knows the thoughts you're thinking; He has found out the dark corners where these wicked thoughts hide, not daring to come into the light. Oh! little Mary, remember how often your darling mother has talked to you about that sin; think that though *she* might not

know it, God and you would, and all the time you would keep feeling, 'I'm a thief, I'm a thief; I stole six pence, and I shall never be happy again.' No, little Mary, though you are ever so sorry, you can never be happy again."

"Shall I? shall I?" The wicked tempter had spoken for the last time; little Mary took the sixpence, with a heightened color, and heavily beating heart; but she ran as fast as she could run, never stopping to take breath till she found her mother, and eagerly holding out the money, she cried, "It was on the table in the chamber, dear mother."

Her mother smiled, took the sixpence, and kissing Mary's forehead, she said, "What a dear little daughter I have got! some little daughters would have kept the money, and never have told of it; how can I be thank-

ful enough to God who has given me such an honest little girl!"

Mary held down her head; the tears were gathering thickly in her eyes; but she looked up bravely, and said, almost sobbing, "Oh, mamma, I don't know as I *am* honest; *am* I honest if I wanted to take it *ever so much*, and almost *did* take it?"

"Bless you, my child," said the happy mother, catching her treasure in her arms; "you have safely passed the ordeal; you have been tried and not found wanting; yes, dear, you are still my honest daughter, and I have no fear, that after to-day, you will ever take anything that does not belong to you, thank God." And, in the excess of her joy, the good mother could not keep from weeping.

"But what, then, are you crying for?"

said little Mary, wiping away the tears with her pretty fingers.

“For pleasure that my Mary has resisted evil; for pleasure that she did not wickedly take the sixpence when she knew her mother would never find it out. And now, my darling, you shall have the money for your own; you shall keep it, and I will add to it till you have enough to buy poor Judy’s little girl a nice warm frock for the coming winter; and whenever you see that frock on the little girl, you must pray to God that He will always lead you out of temptation, and never, never allow you even to wish for that which is not your own.”

Mary’s eyes sparkled; she had for a long time wanted to give something to the wash-woman’s pretty little girl; and now she was as happy as happy could be. She went singing and dancing about the house; she

felt by her father's warm kiss, and "God bless you," that he knew she had done right.

Do you think, dear little reader, if Mary had taken the sixpence, and bought all those nice things, she would have had that pure enjoyment that comes from doing right? On the contrary, it might have led her at last to be a wicked, sinful woman, whom nobody would ever have loved.

Do, then, as Mary did; don't take that bright cent; put down that coveted plaything; think how dreadful it would be to be branded a THIEF, if only by your own conscience; and then think, above all, that *God knows it*. Always remember little Mary and her temptation.

VII.—r

OLD NED.

Not many years ago, Farmer Jones had an old horse named "Ned," who appeared to have almost as much sense as some people. Ned was a favorite with his master, who petted him as if he were a child instead of a dumb animal. The horse seemed to understand every word that the farmer said to him, and would obey him quite as readily and with as much intelligence as Rover, the house-dog. If his master came into the field where he was grazing, Ned would come galloping up to meet him, and then caper round as playfully, though not, it must be owned, as gracefully, as a kitten.

Farmer Jones, on these occasions, generally had an ear or two of corn in his pocket; and Ned, whose nose had been many a time

in that capacious receptacle of odds and ends, after sweeping around his master two or three times, would stop short and come sideling up, half-coquetishly, yet with a knowing twinkle in his eye, and commence a search for the little tid-bit that he had good reason for knowing lay snugly stored away in the pocket.

If any one besides his master went into the field and tried to catch Ned, he was sure to have a troublesome time of it; and if he succeeded in his object before circling the field a dozen times in pursuit of the horse, he might think himself lucky. But a word or a motion of the hand from Farmer Jones was all-sufficient. Ned would become, instantly, as docile as a child, trot up to his side, and stand perfectly still to receive the saddle and bridle.

When Farmer Jones was on the back of

Ned, or sitting behind him in the old chaise, no horse could be more even in his gait, or more orderly in all his movements. But it wasn't safe for any one else to try the experiment of riding or driving him. If he escaped without a broken neck, he might think himself exceedingly fortunate; for the moment any one but his master attempted to govern his actions in any way, he became possessed with a spirit that was sometimes more than mischievous. He would kick up, bite, wheel suddenly around, rear up on his hind feet, and do almost everything except go ahead in an orderly way, as a respectable horse ought to have done.

Ned was too great a favorite with his master for the latter to think of trying very hard to correct him of these bad practices. He would talk to him, sometimes, about the folly of an old horse like him prancing about,

and cutting up as many antics as a young colt; but his words, it was clear, went into one of Ned's ears and out of the other, as people say, for Ned did not in the least mend his manners, although he would nod his head in a knowing and obedient way, while his master was talking to him.

Ned spent at least two-thirds of his time, from the time when the grass sprung up, tender and green, until it became pale and crisp with frost, in a three-acre field belonging to his master, where he ate, walked about, rolled himself on the soft sward, or slept away the hours, as happy as a horse could be. Across one corner of this field a little boy and his sister used every day to go to school. The little boy was a namesake of the horse; but he was usually called Neddy. One day Neddy felt rather mischievous, as little boys will feel sometimes. He had a

long willow switch in his hand, and was cutting away at everything that came within his reach. He frightened a brood of chickens, and laughed merrily to see them scamper in every direction; he made an old hog grunt, and a little pig squeal, and was even so thoughtless as to strike with his slender switch a little lamb, that lay close beside its mother on the soft grass.

"Don't, don't, Neddy," his sister Jane would say.

But the little fellow gave no heed to her words. At last, in crossing the field, they came to where the old horse lay under the shade of a great walnut tree. The temptation to let him have a taste of the switch was too strong for Neddy to resist; so he passed up close to the horse, and gave him a smart cut across the shoulders.

Now that was an indignity to which the

old fellow was not prepared to submit. Why, it was at least ten years since the stroke of a whip had been felt upon his glossy skin. Whip and spur were of the times long since gone by. Springing up as quickly as if he were only a colt instead of a grave old horse, Ned elevated his mane, and swept angrily around the now frightened lad, neighing fiercely, and striking out into the air with his heels at a furious rate. Jane and Neddy ran, but the horse kept up, and by his acts threatening every moment to kill them. But, angry as the old fellow was, he did not really intend to harm the children, who at length reached the fence toward which they were flying. Jane got safely over, but just as Neddy was creeping through the bars, the horse caught hold of his loose coat, with his teeth, and pulled him back into the field, where he turned him over and

over on the grass with his nose for half a dozen times, but without harming him in the least, and then let him go, and went trotting back to the cool, shady place under the old walnut tree, from which the switch of the thoughtless boy had aroused him.

Neddy, you may be sure, was dreadfully frightened, and went crying home. On the next day, when they came to the field in which Ned lived at his ease and enjoyed himself, the old horse was grazing in a far-off corner, and the children thought they might safely venture to cross over. But they had only gained half the distance, when Ned espied them, and, with a loud neigh, gave chase at a full gallop. The children ran, in great alarm, for the fence, and got through, safely, before the horse came up.

After this, whenever they ventured to cross the field, Ned would interfere. Once

he got Neddy's hat in his mouth, and ran off with it. But he did n't harm it any, and after keeping the children waiting at the fence for about half an. hour, came and threw it over; after which he kicked up both his heels in a defiant manner, and giving a "horse laugh," scampered away as if a locomotive were after him.

At last Neddy's father complained to Farmer Jones of the way in which his old horse was annoying the children, who had to pass through the field, as they went to school, or else be compelled to go a long distance out of their way. The farmer inquired the cause of Ned's strange conduct, and learned that the little boy cut him across the shoulders with a willow switch.

"Ho! ho!" said he, "that's the trouble, is it? Ned won't bear a stroke from any one. But I will make up the matter be-

tween him and the children. So let them stop here on their way from school this evening."

The children stopped accordingly. Ned was standing in the barn-yard, the very picture of demure innocence. But when he saw little Neddy and his sister, he pricked up his ears, shook his head and neighed.

"Come, come, old boy!" said the farmer, "we've had enough of that. You must learn to forgive and forget. The little fellow was only playing with you."

Ned appeared to understand his master, for he looked a little ashamed of himself, and let his pointed ears fall back again to their old places.

"Now, my little fellows," said Farmer Jones, "take up a handful of that sweet new hay, and call him to the bars."

"I'm afraid," returned Neddy. "He'll bite me."

"Not he. Why the old horse wouldn't harm a hair of your head. He was only trying to frighten you as a punishment for the stroke you gave him. Come. Now's your time to make friends."

Neddy, thus encouraged, gathered a handful of the sweet new hay that was scattered around, and going up to the fence, held it out and called to the horse—

"Here! Ned, Ned, Ned!"

The horse shook his head, and stood still.

"Come along, you old vagabond!" said Farmer Jones, in a voice of reproof. "Don't you see the lad's sorry for the cut he gave you? Now walk up to the bars, and forgive the little fellow as a sensible horse ought to do."

Ned no longer hesitated, but went up to

the bars, where Neddy, half trembling, awaited him, and took the sweet morsel of hay from the child's hand. Jane, encouraged by this evidence of docility, put her hand on the animal's neck, and stroked his long head gently with her hand, while Neddy gathered handful after handful of hay, and stood close by the mouth of the old horse, as he ate it with the air of one who enjoyed himself.

After that, the children could cross the field again as freely as before, and if Ned noticed them at all, it was in a manner so good natured as not to cause them the slightest uneasiness.



read

DOG STORIES.

WE find in Mr. Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet several interesting Dog Stories, and among them the following:

A correspondent, who writes over the signature of "Sigma," says:—

"I have a mind, Mr. Editor, to tell you a dog story, though not at all versed in story-telling. The hero of my story was never considered by his best friends as possessed of uncommon sagacity. He was a common, every-day sort of a dog. His name was

Ranger, a name, by the way, not at all in keeping with his character; for he was eminently a 'keeper at home,' his ranges scarcely ever exceeding the limits of his master's premises. Still he usually followed his master to his work on various parts of the farm. One morning he trotted along with him into the woods, where the farmer went for the purpose of felling trees. He divested himself of his outer garment, and laid it at a little distance from the spot where he was about to commence his laborious occupation. The dog appointed himself sentinel of the garment, and lay quietly watching the chopping process, until his master had made such progress as to once or twice change sides of the tree. But all at once the dog sprang up from his resting-place, rushed toward him, and barked furiously, very unlike his former quiet self, and

leaped upon him, and would hardly be repulsed. The man thought he would try the other side of the tree. The dog then lay quietly, as before. But as soon as he made the attempt to take his former position, the dog would renew his attacks upon him. He thought he would not be beaten off from his work by a dog, and looked in vain for a cause for his singular conduct. He soon found that it was of no use to try to chop, for the faithful servant would be *master* this time. So he left the tree, and, before reaching the spot where his coat lay, he heard a deafening crash. Upon looking around, he saw the great tree, upon which he had been chopping, lying on the ground, it having fallen toward the side which he had just left. I have heard this man say that he never before had such feelings as while pursuing his homeward way, with faithful Ran-

ger by his side. Should he tell the story now, I think his voice would grow tremulous, and that the tear would gather in his eye."

Dr. Plummer, of Richmond, Indiana, communicates the following for Professor Silliman's "American Journal of Science and Arts :"

"My father had two dogs. A bone being thrown out, the larger one seized it, and, while gnawing it, the small dog sat down near him, and contemplated the scene with a wistful countenance, not daring to contend for the prize. He soon rose, walked around the corner of the house, returned, and resumed his former position ; and shortly after again retired around the house. Repeating this manœuvre the third time without success, he seated himself as before, then suddenly raised his head, looked down the lane, with an air of great excitement, and starting

up, ran with full speed toward the pretended object of his attack. The larger dog, effectually deceived by this stratagem, left the bone, quickly followed, outstripped the other, and soon reached the gate, but only to find that he had nothing to bark at. The little dog, in the meanwhile, had slyly hastened back, and carried off the bone. Under the head of 'Genius among Animals,' Spurzheim relates two similar instances of canine sagacity: one little dog, by such an artifice, was accustomed to secure his portion; and a pointer, by the same means, obtained a comfortable place near the fire, from which he was excluded by the other dogs of the family."

"Some years ago," says the Boston Traveller, "it was not uncommon in Connecticut to employ dogs as motive power to light machinery. A gentleman had a pair of

dogs, which he worked together, on a sort of tread-mill, to drive some machinery. After a while, the motion of the machine was noticed, from time to time, to be considerably retarded. The tender would go to the tread-mill, to see if the dogs were doing their duty. Everything would be going right. After a little while, however, there would be another interruption; the speed of the machine would be considerably diminished; and so it continued, until the owner began to suspect that his dogs were playing some trick on him. He accordingly set a watch where all the movements of the animals could be seen, and the mystery was soon explained. After the two dogs had worked together for some time, one of them was seen to step off the tread-mill, and seat himself where he could catch the first warning of any approaching footstep. After he

had rested awhile, he took his place on the wheel again, and allowed his associate to relieve himself; and if, during this resting process, any noise was heard, as if some one were approaching, the resting dog would immediately jump upon the wheel, and go to work, as usual. Thus these sagacious creatures had contrived to bear one another's burdens; and, had they known a little more about mechanics, and kept the wheel in a little quicker motion, the trick might never have been detected."

Another correspondent of mine — Mr. Lucius V. Bierce, of Akron, Ohio—says, he is greatly puzzled to know whether dogs can reason and calculate, or not. He thinks a chapter in the history of his dog Pete goes a little way toward furnishing evidence for the affirmative of the question. "I am president," says he, "of a society that meets,

regularly, once each month. Pete always goes with me, and, with as much gravity as his master, takes his stand, or rather his couch, behind the president's chair. There he remains, during the meeting, apparently watching the proceedings with all the solicitude of the president himself. On one occasion I was necessarily called from home; and on the regular night of meeting was thirty miles distant. As soon as the doors of the room were opened, in which we meet, Pete walked in, and, with becoming dignity, took his usual station behind the president's chair, where he remained during the meeting, and then returned home."

THE FOUR WORDS.

“FOUR little words did me more good, when I was a boy, than almost anything else,” said a friend to me the other day. “I cannot reckon up all the good they have done; they were the first words that my mother taught me.”

“Indeed! What were the four little words?” said I.

He answered me by relating the following story:

“My father grafted a pear-tree; it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore but one pear. It was said to be a very nice kind of pear, and my father was anxious to see if the fruit came up to the promises of the man who gave him the graft.

This single pear, then, was an object of some concern to my father. He wanted it to become fully ripe. The high winds, he hoped, would not blow off the pear; and he gave express directions to all the children on no account to touch it. The graft was low, and easily reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that graft will meet my expectations,' said my father many times to my mother. 'I hope now there is some prospect of our having good pears.'

"Everybody who came into the garden he took to the graft, and everybody said, 'It will prove to be a most excellent pear.' It began to look very beautiful. It was full and round, a rich glow was dyeing its cheeks, and its grain was clear and healthy.

"'Is it not almost ripe? I long for a bite,' I cried, as I followed father one day down the alley to the pear-tree.

“‘Wait patiently, my child; it will not be fully ripe for a week,’ said my father.

“I thought I loved pears better than anything else. I used often to stop and look longingly up to this. Oh, how good it looks! I used often to think, smacking my lips. I wish it was all mine, The early apples did not taste as good, the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons I thought nothing of in comparison with this pear. The longer I stopped under the pear-tree, the greater my longing for it. Oh, I wish I had it! was the selfish thought that gradually got uppermost in my mind.

“One night, after we were in bed, my brothers fell asleep long before I did; I tossed about, and could not get to sleep. It was a warm, still, summer night; there was no moon; no noise except the hum of numberless insects. My father and my mother

were gone away. I put my head out of the window, and peeped into the garden; I snuffed pleasant smells. I traced the dark outlines of the trees. I glanced in the direction of the pear-tree. The pear-tree—then the pear! My mouth was parched; I was thirsty. I thought how good would a juicy pear taste. I was tempted.

“A few moments found me creeping down the back stairs, with neither shoes, stockings, nor trowsers on. The slightest creaking frightened me. I stopped on every stair to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed. At last I fairly felt my way to the garden-door. It was fastened. It seemed to take me ages to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise, and the bolt grated. I got it open, went out, and latched it after me. It was good to get out in the cool air. I ran down to

the walk. The patting of my feet made no noise on the moist earth. I stopped a moment, and looked all around, then turned in the direction of the pear-tree. Presently I was beneath its branches.

“Father will think the wind has knocked it off—but there was not a breath of air stirring. Father will think somebody has stolen it—some boys came in the night, and robbed the garden; he’ll never know. Such were my thoughts. I trembled at the thought of what I was about to do. Oh, it will taste so good! and father will never know it. He never would think I took it. On tiptoe, with my hand uplifted, and my head turned upward, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves. ‘THOU, GOD, SEEST ME!’ I could not help saying over and over again. God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I

was afraid to look, and hid my face. It seemed as if father and mother, and all the boys, and everybody in town, would take me for a thief. It appeared as though all my conduct had been seen as by the light of day. It was some time before I dared to move, so vivid was the impression made upon my mind by the awful truth in those four words, 'Thou, God, seest me.' I *knew* he saw me.

"I hastened from the pear-tree, nothing on earth would at that moment have tempted me to touch the pear. With very different feelings did I creep back to bed again. I lay down beside Asa, feeling more like a criminal than anything else. No one in the house had seen me; but oh! it seemed as if everybody knew it, and I should never dare to meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard

my parents come home, and I involuntarily hid my face under the sheet. But I could not hide myself from the sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed everywhere, diving into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences which, God be praised, I never got over."

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WHAT THE BROOK SAID TO LUCY GRAY.

As I seated myself down under the shade of a beautiful weeping elm, which hung over a sweet little running brook, and whose branches seemed, as the wind bent them, to thank and thank the little brook for the nourishment which it gave to their roots: and as I mused of the many scenes which that little brook had witnessed, it seemed to

murmur: "Yes, Mary, a story I can tell: there is Lucy Gray, she has often put her little white feet in here, and I have kissed them still whiter, and gathered flowers on my banks, and would sing with the birds overhead, till I could not tell which was sweetest. She sometimes comes and tells me all her troubles; she seems now to have more troubles than when she was carried in her mother's arms. A few days since she came down to see me, and stretched herself on that bank on which you are now seated. I observed her eyes, which are as blue as the sky, were quite red with weeping, and her lips were pouty. I felt sorry, and murmured at her feet to comfort her. But I soon began to hear her say — 'I think it is too bad! Mother never will let me do anything; she would not let me go to the party in the woods, the other day, for fear I might

take cold, and be sick as I was last week ; and then she says I must not spend my money in confectionery, ice-creams, candy, and such things. I think she is very unkind ; she says I shall be just like a drunkard, who cannot pass a bar-room without wishing to drink, and that it is very wicked to spend so much money ; one ice-cream a-day, for a week, amounts to almost half as much as a poor laboring man earns a-day, to buy food for six or eight, perhaps more, of a family ; but when you add cake to the cream, and a little candy when you leave the shop, see how much money you will spend in a month.'

"When Lucy had thought for a moment, she began to pull up the flowers within her reach, which I had been keeping for some good little girl ; then she threw them into my bosom, which proved a watery grave for them. And I murmured my sorrow, and

then Lucy said, 'I don't care; I will do as I please in spite of any one.'

"Just at this moment the wind whistled mournfully through the tree, and a bird sang such a mournful song, that I felt sad, and kept murmuring at Lucy's feet, feeling pained that one so lovely should have such wicked thoughts come into her heart.

"Just as these thoughts were passing through my mind, Lucy lifted her head from her knee on which it had been resting, her face sorrowful, and her eyes full of tears, but raised to Heaven, and she said :

"'Forgive me, my Heavenly Father, forgive my wicked thoughts, take away this sinful heart.'

"And she shuddered, as a voice seemed to say, 'Your mother may die, then you can do as you please.'

"Again her eyes were raised to Heaven, in thanks for the timely warning.

“Then she began to gather up the flowers she had thrown away in her passion; but they were mostly washed away by my busy waters, which had not the passions of the sinful heart.

“And I whispered to Lucy, as she gathered them so faded and wet:

“‘Enjoy the flowers of life, my Lucy, while in your path, and do not destroy them in your passion. Gather them at your pleasure. Learn a lesson of them, dear Lucy, and go on in the path which you have this day resolved upon, under the elm-tree by the murmuring brook. Your mother, dear kind mother, may soon die, and leave you to do as you please; but where will you find such forgiving love? Remember what the spirit whispered to your heart under the elm-tree.’”

HENRY JEROME'S SOLILOQUY.



HE morning was bright and beautiful, one of the first, soft, balmy days in spring. The snows had melted away; the distant forests were losing their purple hue and assuming a faint green tinge, and the air came stealing in so softly and wooingly, you would feel as if you wished to throw aside all care and toil, and roam over field and forest, just to enjoy the very luxury of existence. So thought Henry Jerome as he sat down under a budding tree on his way to school.

His home was in the suburbs of a large city, but the school-house to which he daily wended his way was in a busy street of the

crowded town, and Henry, though much attached to his school, longed to escape from rattling pavements and brick walls to wander unrestrained in the inviting fields. In plain terms, he was strongly tempted to play truant.

“What is the use,” said he to himself, “of shutting myself up in that old prison-house this warm, beautiful day? I can’t study; I don’t feel like it; and then, if my lessons are not learned, there will be a grand time. Mr. Grover will fix his eye on me and say, as usual, ‘Master Jérôme, I require a *perfect* lesson. Remember, you are forming a character.’ Then I shall have to stay in till I know every word in that old musty book. I do believe Mr. Grover is always crosser and more particular on pleasant days than any other.

“Forming a character! I know what I

would like to form—a boat after the model of that floating down the river. What a lucky thought! I've got a capital hook-and-line in my pocket, and I'll go fishing. But what shall I tell Mr. Grover and my father? Perhaps father will give me an excuse to-morrow. I can tell him I did not feel like going to school to-day. And I really am not well; my head feels dull, and I am so tired I don't believe I could stay in school all day. It is not right to expose one's health, and I think I'll stay out of school and go fishing."

Just as Henry came to this wise conclusion, a sudden gust of wind blew a piece of newspaper toward him. "What is this?" said he, picking it up lazily, his duty to his health requiring him to make no exertion. It was only a piece of a daily paper, covered with "rewards" and "wants." He read on for a time listlessly.

“\$10 REWARD.—Lost, in Clinton Street, on the 16th, a small diamond breast-pin. The finder will receive the above reward, and the thanks of the owner, by returning it to 138 West Street.’

“Now if I could only find that pin, I could make ten dollars very easily. But let me see. Lost on the 16th, and this is the 28th. There is no chance for me.

“WANTED.—A number of smart, intelligent lads in a daguerrean room. Address Artist, at this office.’

“WANTED.—In a publishing house, an active and industrious lad, who understands something of book-keeping. None but steady, energetic, and intelligent lads need apply, for I want no idlers nor loungers about me.—E. B. WILLIAMS, 84 Ward street.’

“Well, that’s a curious advertisement! ‘I want no idlers nor loungers about me.’ I

fancy I should not suit the gentleman if he were to catch me here and know how terribly I am tempted to go to the river and lounge. It is a little singular that all people want *active, intelligent, and industrious* persons in their employ. None seem to want loungers or idlers, though they do not all express themselves quite so frankly. Well, I don't blame people."

"Get up, you lazy fellow—what are you stopping for?" shouted a voice close by. Henry started, thinking himself the object addressed, but it was only a milkman speaking to his horse.

But so powerful was the effect upon his mind, that he resolved to give up fishing and go to school. He hurried along, feeling he had no time to lose if he wished to reach his place in season, and while still some distance from school, the slow, heavy chimes

of a neighboring clock began to peal the momentous hour of nine.

"It is of no use," he said; and then the thought, "I want no idlers nor loungers about me," came vividly before him. He ran at the top of his speed, and, panting with the exertion, reached his place just in time.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men," commenced the teacher in his morning reading.

"That is for me," thought Henry.

Whether his courage failed him during the day we will not say, but he smiled when he read his copy, "Idleness is the parent of sin and ignorance;" and never did the motto over the door, "Perseverance conquers all things," appear so distinct as on that day. The letters seemed to stare at him, and whenever he turned a longing glance toward

the open window through which the tempting, tantalizing breeze was playing, they expanded till they hid everything else from his view.

The bees never buzzed half so busily; an ant ran up and down the ceiling as if bewitched, and in a half-hidden corner a grim spider was most diligently employed in making repairs in his broken web.

“No idlers nor loungers about me,” said Henry; “well, I don’t like to set myself up as an oddity.”

It is an easy thing to form good habits; at least Henry Jerome found it so. His very great regard for duty to his health ceased to interfere with his attending school, and in a short time punctuality became pleasant to him.

After leaving school, some three or four years subsequently, he was seeking employ-

ment, when the self-same advertisement which had formerly arrested his attention again met his eye. He called immediately and applied for the situation.

"What testimony of your ability and punctual habits can you bring?" asked Mr. Williams, a kind but eccentric man.

"These, sir," replied Henry, laying several papers before him.

The gentleman adjusted his spectacles, and read at first with apparent indifference, but soon his interest seemed to increase. He glanced at Henry occasionally, ejaculating, "Ah!" "Indeed!" "Possible!"

"These papers," said he at length, "inform me that for the last four years you have been absent from school but three days, and then on account of illness; that you have never been tardy in attendance; that your lessons during that time have all been good;

that your character is excellent, and you are especially prompt, diligent, and energetic.

“I am acquainted with Mr. Grover, and I know he would not give you these certificates unless you deserve them. I would rather have such a recommendation than references to all the influential men in the Union.”

In five years from that time the advertisement again appeared :

“WANTED.—An active, and intelligent lad, who understands something of book-keeping. None but steady, energetic, and industrious persons need apply, as *we* want no idlers nor loungers about *us*.—WILLIAMS, JEROME & Co.”

Miss Chase.

THE PICTURE-BOOK.

"ELLEN!—Ellen Morris! come look at my picture book," said a little girl who was looking out of a window, and saw her play-mate going by. And she leaned further out, and held up a pretty, red-covered book, with gold-colored flowers on its back.

"Oh! how pretty," said Ellen, coming close up, so that she could better see the bright colors and graceful lines on the book.

"Come in," said the girl at the window, "and I'll show you the pictures inside. Wait a moment, and I'll open the door." So she ran out into the entry, carrying the book in her hand; but, in her haste, she stumbled and fell down. The book was dashed to a little distance, and some of the leaves were roughly turned downwards. Louise—that was the girl's name—had hurt

both her hands, but she scrambled up pretty quickly, thinking only of her precious book, and, taking it up gently, she made haste to open the door for Ellen. She took no notice of her hurt hands.

"Why! how long you were coming," said Ellen. "I must hurry, for I am going to school, and I don't want to be late."

Louise was busily smoothing down the bent leaves, and she said, softly,

"I fell down and rumpled my book a little."

"And look at your hand," said Ellen, "the skin is off in this place; that is worse than the book."

Louise had not even noticed it, and now she only said—

"Oh! never mind; it isn't badly hurt," and both the girls went into the parlor together. They sat down on low stools, by the sofa, and Louise laid her book on it.

“Who gave you this, Louise?” asked her friend, as she opened it.

“It was a gift from Sunday-school,” answered Louise, “and it is as good to read as it is pretty to look at. Oh! this story about ‘The Royal Brothers’ is a good story; and it’s true, Ellen, all of it.”

“But I must look at the pictures now, because I can’t stay long,” said Ellen; “and you will let me read it sometime, won’t you?”

“Why—yes”—said Louise, slowly; “but not till I am quite done with it, and Rosey has read it, and—”

“Oh!” interrupted Ellen, “this *is* a beautiful picture. Two dear little boys asleep, with their arms around each others’ necks; and they do look so innocent and so good. It is a lovely picture.”

“They’re the very ones,” said Louise; “the Royal Brothers. Oh! but, Ellen, you

won't like to hear their story; they were killed—”

“Don't tell me, don't tell me, as I shall not care for reading it,” said Ellen.

Louise smiled and shook her head, and trotted her foot upon the carpet, as if it was hard to stop telling, and she must do something to make up for it. Another and another picture was turned over, and each was admired and praised. There was one picture of a child, dressed in black, kneeling before a stately lady, and holding up a letter to her. Ellen looked at this a long time. After a while a very small boy, Louise's brother, came into the room. Louise was very fond of him. “Little, curly-headed, Harry” she called him. But sometimes Harry was mischievous, and Louise did not *always* speak gently to him, when his mischief came to be troublesome to her. Harry liked pretty pictures as well as the little

girls, and he came and peeped in the book, and said—

“Pitty—pitty boot.”

At first the girls laughed, and Ellen laid her hand among his curls and asked him to kiss her.

“Yes, an I see boot too,” said Harry, quite willing to give a kiss if he might see the pictures.

“See ittle dirl,” he said, and he laid his fat, dimpled hand, on the child who knelt before the lady. But the fat hand had been holding candy, and its fingers left a mark on the face of the child.

“Oh! Harry, take your hand away; don’t touch the book,” said Louise, quickly. Harry took it off for a moment, and poor Louise saw, with vexation, the soiled spot. “Naughty, naughty Harry!” she said, “see there what a spot!”

Harry’s bright face clouded for a minute,

but another picture soon dispelled his sorrow and his forbearance. Again the offending hand came down, and the bright round eyes sparkled with pleasure as he shouted :

“ See the sheep, Lulu, the dear ittle sheep ; ain’t it pitty ? ”

But now Lulu was angry, and she slapped the dimpled hand.

Harry scarcely knew what his offence was, but he knew very well what pain was. He held his hand up, and looked as if he did not know whether to laugh or cry, but an angry look from his sister decided the matter, and the bright eyes filled with tears, and the little hands hid his wet face.

“ Oh ! Louise, it was wrong to make him cry,” said Ellen, and she put the book away at once, and looked sadly at the child, who was now sobbing as if his little heart were filled with grief.

“ I told him not to touch my book,” an-

swered Louise, but her voice was not so loud, nor her face so angry as before. She was ashamed that Ellen had seen her give way to her ill nature. And Ellen's face said, as plainly as a face can say anything, that she thought her friend very much to blame. The book was quite neglected now. Ellen only waited to draw Harry's hands softly away from before his eyes, and kiss his rosy cheek, and smooth his hair and smile, so that the little fellow smiled too, before a great while. Then Ellen turned to go away.

"Ellen," said Louise, touching her arm, as she was about to pass through the door, "if you please, you may take the book now. I don't care about reading in it to-day."

Ellen turned and kissed Louise on the lips.

"No, no, dear Louise," she said, "keep the book to-day, and show the pictures to Harry. I am sure you are sorry now, for having

hurt him, and you can teach him to look at pictures ; only," she added, smiling playfully, "you must teach yourself first not to get out of patience with such a dear little fellow."

Very happy was little Harry to be taken on his sister's knee, while she pleasantly turned over the leaves for him ; and once or twice, when he forgot that he was not to touch it, and raised his hand, a gentle word and kind smile did more to stop him than impatience.

Ellen went on to school, happier for having tried, even in such a little thing, to do right. And afterwards, when the two girls read the book together, (for Louise did not make Ellen wait,) they would smile kindly to each other at the remembrance of the *lesson in patience* which was not *in* the book, but which the book had taught.

THE END.

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

